

Anniversary by cosmicdisco (orphan_account)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Basically PWP, Bottom Billy, Established Relationship, M/M, Top Steve, because the world needs more of it, everything lowercase, filthy smut, gay shit, im gay, is there even a plot, it's STYLISTIC ok

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-12-24

Updated: 2017-12-24

Packaged: 2022-04-03 15:01:12

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,263

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

billy hargrove knows how to fuck, but steve harrington knows how to make love.

it's been about a year, but neither of them are counting. after all, every night together is a celebration.

Anniversary

Author's Note:

wow hi again omg! i realized for my last two published worksss that i was trying to capitalize things in the notes. why am i like this? it didn't sound like me, and it didn't make sense when everything else was lowercase. anyway here i am in my true unabashed lowercase form

i'm really not prolific; i'm def more flighty/run off to do my own thing often so if anybody gets attached to how i write billy/steve i'm sorry, i'll try to write more but idk how often it will happen! either way i hope u all like my filthy porny smut, this is just an average night for the boys except CUTE SHIT AT THE END SPOILER ALERT also bottom billy doesn't get enough love and i feel like he's just a bossy power bottom and always battling steve for dominance anyway even tho steve's got mad dick game so

i'm going down with this ship

billy hargrove knew how to fuck.

billy hargrove knew a *lot* about how to fuck.

billy fucked like he fought: it was passionate, rough; there was blood, sweat, and (sometimes) tears. usually the other person was crying. usually because it was so good. (sometimes because they were falling headfirst in lust — nobody ever fell in love with billy — and becoming emotional, in which case, billy usually only had a few more good lays until he would never call them again.)

right now, however, in steve's room, with his knees on steve's floor, billy's crying, tears streaming down his face, long, black eyelashes wet, positively gagging on steve's dick. billy didn't always gag — only when it was an impressive dick— and as steve bottoms out in

the back of billy's throat, he has to breathe fast through his nose to stifle a cough. nevertheless, the blonde continues bobbing his head, fast, loving the sounds the brunette makes, loving steve's hands in his hair, pulling on the shorter curls at the top of his head. billy doesn't let anyone touch his hair, not usually, but steve is an exception because the way he pulls is absolutely delicious and it makes billy moan loud around his cock and the vibrations there make steve moan even louder.

"god, you're so good, don't stop, baby, please—" steve sounds choked as if he's the one sucking dick like his life depended on it. his voice is absolutely wrecked and his face and ears and chest are reddening and there are pearls of sweat forming at his hairline because he's been breathing like he's running a marathon.

"mmm, *billy*, you're so good,"

billy knows. he keeps bobbing his head, lips wrapped like a vice around steve's thick shaft, cheeks hollowed out as he sucks and rubs his tongue along the underside.

"babe, i'm gonna—gonna cum—"

steve's hands pull harder on sandy curls in an effort to push billy off, but billy's hands move away from the back of steve's legs to grab steve's jutting hipbones to keep him in place.

steve gives a breathy "oh" and a long, drawn-out "ah" and a few "oh god"s and billy feels warm fluid in the back of his throat and doesn't let up, digging his fingernails into steve's hips as he hums around his cock for good measure, swallowing all the while, savoring him.

"mmmm," steve drawls, his hands becoming gentler, caressing billy's hair as rosy lips slowly slide off his dick, still tight around him, and when billy gets to the head he lets it out of his mouth with an obscene, wet *pop* and kisses it teasingly, gently as steve softens.

"why'd you do that, babe," the brunette is breathless. "...wanted to be hard for you..." he mumbles, forlorn and spent.

"there's still time for that," billy says as he licks his lips and stands.

“sit.”

billy pushes steve's shoulders (a little too gingerly for his liking) to steve's pillow top mattress so that steve falls back, legs open, ass on the sheet, so that he's sitting up straight. his dark eyebrows are raised somewhat in awe and billy tries to ignore the look of pure reverence steve is giving him.

“stop looking at me like you've never had a blowjob,” the blonde tosses dryly, standing over steve confidently, his tanned, muscular body on display.

steve just laughs, voluptuous brown hair falling out of place in little strands as he looks down, his usually pale face red.

“i hadn't *really* had a blowjob until you came along,” he offers, biting his bottom lip and sending billy spiraling in his own arousal. billy looks at him, stroking himself idly with one hand as he pushes steve further onto the bed with the other, moving him by the shoulder again, caressing little freckles and collarbones as steve's back presses against the mattress.

“shame,” says billy, mockingly. “i hadn't *really* been fucked before you, so i guess we're even.”

billy climbs onto steve so that his legs are spread and steve's cock is *barely* brushing his thigh, effectively straddling the brunette on the bed.

“god, i wanna fuck you so bad,” steve says from under him. “every waking second of my life—“

“patience, pretty boy,” billy laughs sharply, grabbing the lube from steve's dresser.

“billy,” steve says through an exhale, “are you...?”

billy doesn't answer, just keeps stroking himself languidly and looking at steve underneath him, loving how he can make the brunette fall apart like this, all breathy and blushing and sweat covering his body and the most beautiful dick he's ever seen in his life getting hard again before billy's eyes.

billy squirts a dollop onto one hand. he sets the lube down and grabs his own erection again and rubs it, slowly and carefully, while he presses two fingers inside himself and steve looks wantonly with wide eyes, watching billy like a hawk, staring at the warm tight spot where the blonde's fingers disappear again and again, slow at first, then faster, then a third joins the mix and steve is *definitely* hard again.

“god, you look so good, you’re so fucking sexy, billy, i’ve never seen anything more beautiful in my—“

“save it,” says billy through labored breath as he fucks himself, searching for his prostate with three fingers, letting the space between the digits get a little wider each time they thrust inside, wet with lubricant. “you’re not even inside of me yet.”

“i wanna be, oh god i wanna be,” steve chants like a mantra, his hands coming up to billy’s thighs, long fingers spreading out over the toned muscle. “god, billy, how long has it been?”

“since we last fucked?” billy says, letting out a gasp as he finds his own prostate, then another set of breathy moans as he takes time to rub the pads of his fingers against it, still jerking his cock, his hand circling the head. “about an—*ohhhhh*—about an hour or two? your—your parents aren’t home, so—wait, why are you—*ahhh*—asking?”

“no, nononono, stop talking about my parents,” steve laughs under billy, his hands rubbing up and down billy’s sun-kissed thighs. “i mean how long’s it been since we...since we first...”

“since we first started fucking?” billy takes his fingers out with a sharp hiss and uses his lubricated hand to coat steve’s cock thoroughly, taking his other hand off his own cock to grab the bottle again and squirt more into the lube-slicked hand before coating steve’s erection again, for good measure, from base to tip. “almost a year, shit, i don’t know,”

steve’s head falls back against the mattress as he groans under billy’s touch.

“i meant since we first *met*, you sex-crazed—“

steve's words are cut short as billy sinks down on the impressive length of steve's dick in one fluid motion, pushing him past the ring of tight muscle and into impossible warmth, lowering himself fully on steve's lap as steve grips billy's thighs with white-knuckle pressure.

"OH MY GOD ohmygod ohmygod ohmygod *billy*—"

"harrington," this time billy's voice is wrecked and breathy. "you're so loud."

"mmmm," steve is apparently incapable of speaking, still looking at billy as if the blonde is the only thing that exists, eyebrows raised in pleasure and eyelids half-closed, big brown eyes fixated on ice blues. steve's mouth is open and he breathes through it.

"if we're done with this conversation," billy laughs, voice coated in arousal, "i'm gonna go ahead and say i can move now."

and with that, billy is off; muscular thighs propelling him up and down at a rapid pace, tanned hands splayed out against steve's pale chest for balance.

"ohhhh fuck," billy groans softly as he bounces on steve, his body racked with pleasure as steve's cock brushes against his prostate again and again. he starts riding steve faster, feeling his orgasm coiling in his stomach, tight, he's ready to explode. he reaches a hand up to his bobbing erection, slick with precum, a deep, angry red from withheld release, knowing full well he could cum on steve's cock alone but wanting the added pleasure.

suddenly steve's hands are gripping his hips *hard* and he's being flipped over. he's maneuvering billy with little grace but a lot of consideration, which is endearing, considering steve's totally blissed out, but the whole time they switch positions steve's cock never leaves, buried in billy's ass and as billy feels himself deposited on the pillow top, curls splaying out all around his head, he feels steve go *deeper*. billy's arms wind tightly around steve's shoulders as billy's legs wrap instinctively around steve's hips and cross at the ankles behind steve's back.

"steve, i'm close," billy chokes out, head reeling back, neck exposed,

long lashes covering eyes closed tightly, his tan skin beginning to flush as his wet red mouth hangs open.

“i know,” steve tries, voice nearly cracking. “me too.”

and then steve surprises billy, the first time he’s ever said it:

“billy, open your eyes.”

and, reluctantly, billy does. he’s panting and so is steve, and their eyes meet and stay connected, and steve’s mouth is open, too, and the whole thing is really fucking beautiful but billy tries not to think too much.

then steve’s licking his lips, and then he’s leaning down to kiss billy passionately as he starts moving, hips angled perfectly, his thrusts so deliciously gentle. steve’s hand is running through billy’s hair, along billy’s cheek, down his neck and over his collarbone, settling for a moment to rub billy’s nipple before it continues downward. billy’s arching his back now, wanting more and steve senses it like it’s a language he speaks, mouthing billy’s neck now, perfectly-angled thrusts now becoming perfectly-timed as he nails billy to the mattress again and again, and billy’s seeing stars as steve is biting and sucking at his neck, hungry and passionate, his orgasm fast approaching. steve comes back up to give billy another quick, open-mouthed kiss before he removes his lips to look billy in the eyes again as his hand reaches billy’s straining cock and he rubs billy, stroking tight and fast as he snaps his hips forward again and again, steve’s other hand gripping the sheet next to billy’s head for balance, and their skin slaps with every thrust and steve hits billy’s prostate with force as his hand milks billy’s needy erection and billy sees whole *galaxies* this time as he cums harder than he ever has, his eyes screwed shut again, his mouth open and the only word he can muster is *steve*—

and then, after what feels like hours, billy opens his eyes, his head spinning and steve’s *watching* him, big brown eyes still half-lidded, biting his lip again, face flushed and so pretty, billy realizes steve’s been watching him cum, and how many times this has happened he has no idea, but the thought is cut off as steve comes down to kiss him again, feverish and intense. a sigh exits through steve’s nose as it bumps against billy’s, their lips locked and moving, tongues battling,

steve's hand slowing down and eventually stopping to grip the underside of billy's thigh, his other hand clenched in the sheets by billy's head for leverage. billy's arms are wrapped around steve's neck, still holding him tight as he rides the aftershock of his orgasm, and steve moans loudly into billy's mouth and thrusts hard a few more times and then he's climbing his own orgasm inside billy, his hand an impossible grip on billy's thigh, his kisses still immaculate and wonderful through all of it.

"i love you," steve chokes out, his head nestled in the space between billy's ear and shoulder as he collapses onto the other teen, wholly spent.

it's the first time steve has said it, and billy doesn't know if anyone has ever been in love with him before, so it takes him a few seconds before he realizes that he's been in love with steve since he first saw steve, since he first tried to push it away and hide it and beat it out of steve, since the first time he kissed steve, and now he didn't have to hide it.

"i love you, too," billy says, slowly, carefully, and not without apprehension. his eyes are wide open, staring at the ceiling now, a hand sliding up steve's slick back to nestle in steve's hair. he can feel steve freeze, as if he didn't even expect a response from billy, as if it had only been the heat of the moment, but they both know that every single moment is the heat of the moment, so there's no question that he meant it. that they both meant it.

billy had never had a lover as intensely attentive as steve; as physically affectionate as steve or endearingly verbal as steve. not even the girls who fawned over him talked to him the way steve did. every single word he said with conviction like his life depended on it; anything billy asked for he knew without a doubt steve wanted to provide for him. he doesn't know why they're both in shock — maybe it just never solidified in a vocal way before; maybe it felt foreign because for the both of them it *was* foreign: the idea of loving and being loved in return.

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